

M U M.

POLITICAL BALLAD,

FOR THE

PRESENT TIMES:

WITH

ANNOTATIONS

POLITICAL, CRITICAL, and HISTORICAL.

(Charles Ascham)
Et sermone opus est, modo tristi, sæpe jocosò,
Defendente vicem, modo Rhetoris, atque Poetæ,
Interdum urbani parcentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas consulto. Ridiculum acri
Fortius ac melius magnas plerumque secat res.

HOR.



EDINBURGH

Printed, and sold by the Book-sellers in Town. MDCCLXII

P R E F A C E.

MUCH certainly is the Publick indebted to me, for persua-
ding my Friend to make them a Present of this Perform-
ance, tho' indeed it was upon the hard Terms of commencing
Commentator myself, and accompanying it with my Annotations:
Yet I grudge not my Labour, when I consider what a happy Ef-
fect it will produce, by allaying the reigning Heats and Animosi-
ties, and giving a more polite and good-humoured Turn unto our
Politicks: Instead of entering into the sour ill-natured Dispute
in a serious tho' surly Way of Argument, which is not now con-
fined to its native Province, the Coffee-house, but has already
crept into private Families, and usurped even the Tea-table; how
much genteeler will it be to treat it in a Song, and argue the
whole Matter *in Recitativo*? This is the sole Method left of pre-
serving Conversation and Fellowship: By this Means the cheer-
ful Glass, originally designed for dispelling Care, and inspiring
fresh Mirth and Gaiety, shall no more foment our Discords, nor
warm us into new Fury; Party-debate thus sung over a Bumper
shall only serve to enliven the Company; and while Ridicule goes
round, every Man, who was too conceited or selfish to be reason-
ed into a PATRIOT, shall now be laughed into one. By this
Means too our Ladies may preserve their Temper and their Faces,
talk of State Affairs without incurring a Wrinkle, and turn Poli-
ticians yet still continue Toasts; they may be wise and laugh, and,
what is still more extraordinary, they may now sing Common Sense.
¶ By Way of Preface, I cannot help congratulating our Poet on
the happy Choice of his Subject, which at once demonstrates, his
Love to his Country, in thus celebrating, and recommending an
healthful Liquor of our own Growth and Manufacture; his Zeal
for his King, in thus promoting the Consumpt of it, to the no
small Advantage of the Revenue; and his great Regard for the
reigning Family, as it is from the same Soil that both have been
transplanted, and are now naturaliz'd among us.



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M U M.

A

POLITICAL BALLAD, For the present Times.

I.

BRAVE *Bacchus* by all is adored,
And Roast-beef is praised by some;
But none, that I know of, before yet
Have sung of the Virtues of MUM.

II. *Par-*

ANNOTATIONS.

I.

IT began formerly, *Molly Mog* by the Dean is adored: But upon better Advice, he altered it for what it is; and I commend him; since by the subtile Doctrine of Innuendos, now so much in Use, it was liable to be constructed into something at least highly indecent: For Instance, *Molly Mog*, innuendo *Bathsheba*, or the *Countess of Yarmouth*, &c. and *adored*, as it is a Word appropriated to holy Things, might have been wrested to insinuate the Popish Sacrament of Matrimony: Who might have been meant by the Dean, I shall leave the gentle Reader to imagine; as I reckon it the worst of Manners to name a Lady even to the best Match in the Kingdom, unless there be better Foundation for it than common Report; and especially when I consider that her Fortune is as yet in a great Measure to make, and that it depends so much upon the Loss of her Reputation and Virtue. As our Song stands now, there is a beautiful Opposition between the God of Wine and

God

II.

Parnassus so plagu'd is with Criticks,
 The Muses of late are struck dumb;
 Common-Sense, ev'n with all its Politicks,
 May be forc'd in a Jail to cry *Mum*.

III. Yet

God of *Mum*; the first an inconstant, light, rakehell, squandering, quarreling, noisy Son of a Whore; the other a solid, grave, judicious, thrifty, Time-serving, sober Gentleman, who, as you will find in the Course of our Song, is fit for every Purpose of Life, and can turn himself into any Shape, to serve an End. But to drop the Figure, what a saving would it be to the Publick in general, and to many a private Pocket in particular, could we but bring about the Change proposed? For upon a moderate Computation, over and above the Expence of Smuggling, Perjury, and Custom-house Oaths, we sink yearly 100,000 Pounds of ready Money, for which *France* makes no other Return but in Liquors. ¶ In the second Line, observe, that it is by *some* only Roast-beef is praised now-a-days; altho' it be the true genuine Food of old *England*, and by the Union we have a Right to it, as the standing Dish of the whole *Mund*, upon which the Spirit and Substance of Courage and Liberty much depend; yet now it seems quite deserted by many of our Nobility and Great Men both upon the Civil and Military List, as appears by the Song alluded to in this:

When mighty Roast-beef was the *Englishman's* Food,
 It ennobled our Veins and enriched our Blood,
 Our Soldiers were brave, and our Courtiers were good.

In those Days, if their Fleets did presume on the Main,
 They seldom or never return'd back again,
 As witness the vaunting *Armada* of *Spain*.

Oh! then we had Stomachs to eat, and to fight,
 And when Wrongs were a-cooking, to do ourselves Right;
 But now we're a—— I could—— but, Good-night.

Oh the Roast-beef of old *England*! &c.

II.

It may be a Question what is meant by *Common Sense*: Some apply it to a Weekly Paper, so called, which, as well as the Craftsman, has been frequently persecuted for speaking too freely of Men in Power; and that to the no small Detriment of the Liberty of the Press, whereby we are chiefly, at present, distinguished

as

III.

Yet *Cibber's* Odes still are admired,
Which at Court ev'ry Year they so thrum;
Then why may'nt I write, when inspired,
Like him, with the right *Brunswick Mum*?

IV. Some

Free-Britons. Others take Common Sense for Common Honesty, especially as the Proverb says, *Honesty is the best Policy*: But this would insinuate, that Common Sense with Common Honesty, or with all its Polticks, as our Song sings, is not only discarded and turn'd out of Court, but likewise in Danger of being pushed to the last Extremity: Yet our *Great Man* (whom I shall always stile so by way of Distinction, since all our other great Men are only his humble Servants) confidently affirms, it cannot be; and gives this good Reason for it, that she has never as yet appeared at Court during his whole Administration, so cannot properly be said to be turned out of a Place where she never was. *Pasquin*, in his Tragedy of Common Sense, supposes her not only confined, but actually murdered; indeed he observes Poetical Justice in reviving her Ghost; but I shall give you her own Words.

Could Common Sense bear universal Sway,
No Fool could ever possibly be great.
But now, all Nature topsy-turvy turns,
And Physick kills, and Law enslaves the World:
The Git turns Beau, and tastes *Italian* Song,
While Courtiers are stock-jobbing in the City:
Places requiring Learning and great Parts
Are all together shuffled in a Hat,
And drawn by Men deficient in them both:
Statesmen—— but oh! cold Death will let me say
No more—— and you must guess, & cetera.——
My Ghost at least they cannot banish hence;
And all henceforth, who murder Common Sense,
May hereby learn, whatev'r Success they boast,
They shall at last be haunted with her Ghost.

III.

Here I can't help remarking our Poet's superlative Modesty, who only pleads for the same Privilege with *Mr. Cibber*,
Who murders *George* in annual Odes,
And then exalts him to the Gods.

I am afraid there is too much Meaning in this our Song, either

IV.

Some People will rail in a Frolick
 For the want of true Brandy or Rum;
 But there's nothing so good for a Cholick
 As a Dram of plain Water and *Mum*.

V. If

to be set to an *Italian* Air, or to be sung at Court. That our Readers may know the Character of *Cibber* and the rest of the Court-Poets, as well as the Court-Criticks, I shall again quote my Friend *Pasquin*, in his Dialogue between *Lord Place* and a Voter at an Election.

V. My Lord, I should like a Place at Court too, if it were fitted to my Capacity: Something in the Cellar; I own I should like the Cellar, for I'm a devilish Lover of Sack.

L. P. Sack, say you? Odso, you shall be Poet Laureat, and have a whole Butt of it as your Perquisite.

V. Poet! No, my Lord, I am no Poet, I can't make Verses.

L. P. No more can many a King's Painter handle a Pencil: But no Matter for that; you shall have a Mill to make them in; so that you shall not so much as need common Sense for them, more than our Statesmen and Politicians do for their Prose. You'll be able to make Odes.

V. Odes, my Lord! What are these?

L. P. Faith, Sir, I can't tell what they are; but I know you may be qualified for the Place, and the Salary too, without being a Poet.

IV.

This Stanza seems to hint at what is called the *Gin-Act*, which the Farmers of *England* are so much offended at: For my own Part I have always been of our Poet's Opinion, who affirms with common Sense,

That Water-Gruel is the best Physician:

Let the Faculty be as angry as they will; it is true: And I rejoice not a little that our Great-Man (for Wits will jump) is of the same Mind, and consults the Health of the People so far, that he endeavours by all Means possible to reduce them, for their own Good, to that innocent, easy, and wholesome Diet.

V.

that will not do, standing Armies
Shall beat it away with their Drum;
or further need it to alarm us;
The Watch-word for Safety is *Mum*.

VI.

But, pray, against whom are we arming?
At least we ourselves shall o'ercome;
What were a bold Feat, and what Harm in
Thus training our Soldiers to *Mum*?

VII. And

V.

Yet I don't know but it is playing the Quack too far, to prescribe a standing Army for a Cholick; since it seems to gripe the Belly of the Nation, and threaten Convulsions: At least I should say 60,000, as at present, were rather an Over-doze. The Lawyer offered three Reasons why his Client could not appear, and the first was, That he was dead: So, of three hundred Reasons, against keeping on Foot so many Forces without any visible Cause, I shall only just mention three: *First*, There is no foreign Enemy that I know of, in a Capacity to invade us; *Then*, if there were, one third Part of our Navy were sufficient to disappoint their Design, and keep them from landing: *Lastly*, supposing as many Forces landed as they could well transport, our *Militia*, according to Mr. *Trenchard's* Demonstration, could easily and in a short Time destroy them all: But since our Great-Man finds a standing Army necessary for the Good of himself or the People, those Reasons, like all other Reason, must submit, and buckle to his superior Judgment.

VI.

This is a very impertinent Query, to which it is too condescending in the same Verse to give an Answer; and such an Answer! as must certainly put all Gainsayers to Silence: For what more noble Victory can there be, than to conquer One's self? Besides, what a national Charity is it, to maintain such a Number of worthless Scoundrels, who cannot, or will not work; and of Consequence must have been forced, either to beg and be whip'd, or to steal and be hanged? Whereas now, they are kept out of Harm's Way, and get a Livelyhood by Law. And then, how many younger Brothers and Sons, of such Families as have Votes,
or

VII.

And besides, our Fleets all Abroad are
A-learning the Ocean to plumm:
There ne'er was a Raree-show odder
Than sailing a Navy in *Mum*

VIII. Peace

or a Seat in the House, are hereby provided for; who must else have been reduced to hard Shifts, or, which is worse, turn'd Mechanicks: Now, a Red Coat and Cocard, a peaceable Sworn and bloody Oath make fine Gentlemen of them, and cut down all the Ladies Hearts before them; nay, a Commission is an Ornament even to a Member, and sufficiently qualifies him to be one.

VII.

The Strength of *Great Britain* has been always computed according to the Number of Shipping; and when that is at the highest, then may we be said to be in the Zenith of our Power: Now, in what Period of our History do you read of such numerous Armaments, and so many Fleets at once in different Quarters of the World? If we don't actually attack any Body, 'tis because we are too generous to fall upon so impotent a Foe? The Parade we make from Sea to Sea, and the fine Shew presently exhibited in the *Mediterranean*, as formerly at *Spithead*, is sufficient to convince them of our Superiority; and to be sure they are satisfied on the Point, since they so wisely allow us to enjoy the vain Idea without Disturbance. There is no more left us to wish, but that the Honourable Gentlemen on Board would add something of the Useful to the Pleasant, by sounding a little upon those Coasts, as far as the *Spanish* Cannon will allow, in order to rectify the Charts, that we may know, if possible, what Latitude it is safe for an *English* Merchant-Man to sail in, and that at least we may look at what we dare not touch: This I would propose only for the Speculation of the Patriots at Home, that they may divert their Spleen, if they will, by kidnapping Plate-Fleets, and Assogue-Ships in the Chimney-Corner, or bombarding and storming Towns in Effigy, which all our noble Generals and Admirals in Council of War have agreed to be the safest, as well as most modern and fashionable Method of fighting.

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VIII.

Peace, or War, never made, ever making,
 Has cost us a damnable Sum:
 High Taxes; low Trade, and Ships taken
 Will force us at last to cry *Mum*.

XI. The

VIII.

The first Line here is an admirable Instance, with how equal an Hand our Great Man can poise the Ballance betwixt his own Opinion and that of others. He was himself for Peace in any Case: The Nation called aloud for War: How shall they hit it and agree?—Why, he very archly strikes a Medium, and produces a *Tertium Quid*, which partakes of both, and yet is neither one nor t'other. Indeed, this amphibious Thing of the Epicene Gender has cost us a double Expence; but what then? Thereby the Effusion of much Catholick Blood is prevented: 'Tis true we suffer egregiously in the mean Time by their unconscionable privateering on our innocent Merchant-Men, and we take no Measures to oppose it, except building so many Twenty-Gun Ships to ly unmann'd in the Dock; but so far we shew the more Christian Spirit, in honestly observing the literal Sense of the Gospel, which bids us, give them our Coat who took our Cloak, and when they smite off one Ear, turn the other likewise. We lost by the No-Peace a Million, the No-War cost us some Millions more; our Ships taken are valued at Millions, and the loss of Trade by Embargoes, &c. amounts to as much: But this is the surest Method of arriving at a lasting Peace; since in a little Time, if Things go on in the present Way, we must undoubtedly accept it, both as being cured of the Inclination, and as wanting the Ability to make War. Blessed Peace-maker! After-Generations shall bless him, who so industriously breaks our stubborn Wills and Affections, weeding out from amongst us that unclean and accursed Thing which is the *Root of all Evil*, and humbling us into a meek, sober, self-denied and passive State so effectually, that our Children's Children may not be able to shake off the Yoke of Peace; so fast will it thus be rivetted.

The bold Sturdy Beggars of *London*
 For War ever roaring so grum,
 At Leisure may find themselves undone,
 Unless they repent and cry *Mum*.

X.

We've Camps, Horse and Foot; Sir *John Norris*,
Wade, *Anson*, and *Haddock* the Jum;
Catbcart and Marines all before us;
 But the Word of Command, it is *Mum*.

XI. No

IX.

Sturdy Beggars is an Appellation of Honour, publicly bestowed by our Great Man upon the Merchants of *London*, when they made so seasonable an Appearance on a late Occasion. It is derived from a harsh Expression of the Duke of *Alva*, Governor of the *Low-Countries*, to the Merchants there, when they came in Bodies to demand Redress of Grievances: He treated them with Contempt, insolently terming them a Parcel of Beggars whom he should never have any Regard to; upon which they immediately assumed a Staff and Wallet for their Badge, threw off the *Spanish* Yoke, shook that great Monarchy, made War upon it in both its Worlds, obliged it to declare them a Free State, and possessing a Spot of Ground not able to maintain one Half of them, which produces nothing necessary either for Traffick or Navigation, soon made it the Center of both, and are now become of considerable Weight in the Ballance of *Europe*: Such mighty Things can the Love of Liberty inspire and effect. The Enemies of our Great Man give out as a Note of Irony this honourable Title so freely conferred by him: But if we consider the Derivation of it, as above, common Charity will oblige us to believe it rather meant obliquely in Approbation of their Measures, and to mark out for them what noble Patterns they ought to follow. If they repent, and give over in the middle of the Course, they have themselves to blame, and may expect soon to become, in Earnest, what to be sure he called them only in Jest.

X.

Our Poet here gives but a very imperfect Catalogue of the *British* Worthies now at the Head of our Land and Sea Forces; nor are they culled out and coupled judiciously. But much must be allowed

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No Orders indeed, saucy Fellow !

Could *Vernon's* high Mettal benumb ;

So took with six Ships *Porto-bello* ;

Now left, without Aid, to cry *Mum*.

XII. *France*

allowed to the Confinement of Verse: Even *Pope* himself must submit to a rugged Rhime, when it unluckily comes across, or be content to ly Wind-bound, as *Sir John Norris*, who is designed for the Pacifick Ocean, has done these two Months at *Torbay*, while the ill-natured Gale has gone round the Compass, but never blown one Puff for his Purpose. It is remarked, that the same never happens, but when our Navy is to sail ; as if the Word of a single Person were of more Force than the Prayers of the whole Nation, to conjure the Wind.

XI.

I should rather have chosen to stile him a *Pragmatical Fellow*, because *my Lord* is fond of the Phrase ; and he, you know, as Dictator of the Northren District, ought to have some Influence over our Tongue ; especially since he is so much of a *Scot* as still to retain his native Dialect, tho' he affects to bluster it out in a more courtly Manner, and disguises it with a Half-Sort of *Englisb* Accent: Yet *Saucy Fellow* is a proper enough Epithet too for *Squire Vernon*, who, forsooth ! in consequence of a foolish Bravado he had made, must pretend, against all Orders, to destroy with Fire and Sword, and successfully attempt that *with six Ships only*, which *Hoster* durst not think of with twenty : He has demolished *Fort Chagre* too ; and, like another *Don Quixot*, seems not afraid to meet the whole united Force of *Spain* : Then, why should we be at the needless Expence of sending a Reinforcement to a Man who can work such Wonders without it ? He has already done much more than he was commanded ; but going beyond Orders is the Destruction of all military Discipline : So he had best, I tell him, think in Time on the Fate of young *Manlius* condemned by his own Father to lose his Head for conquering the Enemy without a License. Our Great Man is not so little a Friend to the old *Roman* Discipline, but he would be fond of following it in such an Instance as this : He too has his Mettal, as well as *Vernon* ; not cold Iron, or Steel to the Back, indeed ; but almighty Gold and Silver, and impenetrable Brass: Let *Vernon* think, and tremble.

XII.

France can sell us of Arms a Suspension,
Till *Gastres* and *Keen*, and such Scum,
Shall clap up another Convention;
While the *Spaniards*, as wont, answer *Mum*.

XIII. Think

XII.

France offers her Mediation in so polite and complaisant a Manner, and it is so much in Fashion throughout all *Europe*, that I don't see how we can be well-bred and refuse it: And so generous a Nation, as we, must not let her be at the Trouble of doing us such friendly Offices for nothing, or to her own Loss; we must reimburse. ¶ The Word *Scum* here, as it stands applied to such worthy Dons, our Plenipotentiaries, must not be taken in its ordinary Acceptation for frothy Dregs and Offscourings; no; I suppose our Poet had his Eye upon a Dish of Milk, of which the *Scum* or *Cream* is the most precious Part, and fittest for making whipt Sillabub, or *Englisch* Fool. ¶ As for the Thing called a *Convention*, it was a meer *Lusus Ingenii* of our Great Man, a Play of Fancy, to be read backward like a Witch's Prayer: For it settled, as Preliminaries, what only should have been left to Discussion; and left to be debated what ought to have been preliminary, and without which we could not in Honour enter into any Treaty: In order to obtain a bare Conference for Peace, it gave up the original Ground of Complaint, viz. *No Search and a free Navigation*, our Birth-right by the Law of Nature and Nations, and the very Thing which we ought to have put beyond all Dispute, and asserted by their positive Concession, either voluntarily given, or forced from them by a direct and vigorous War: If it fixed 95,000 Pounds, as full Reparation for the Damages our Merchants had sustained; it was only for fear lest upon a Hearing they should have made it amount to more than double the Sum. But that one Article, obliging *Spain* to pay us the small Balance of less than 20,000 Pounds, is sufficient Proof that the whole was intended, never to be observed, but as a Piece of Gallantry, only to shew the Wit and masterly Genius of our Great Man: Otherwise it is not to be imagined that so great a Monarch would refuse such a Trifle; or, granting he had been out of Cash, how easily could we have given him Credit for it: But it was all a concerted Matter, founded upon the Nicety of the *Spanish* Punctilio; as it must needs appear more Gentlemanly, to ground the

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XIII.

Think not *Bob* afraid of a War is,
 Who has had a March beat on his Bum,
 Tho' with Breeches in Hand he send *Horace*
 To harangue all our Neighbours in *Mum*.

XIV.

To our foreign Foes *Bob's* so civil!
 But with his own Foes here at Home,
 If he can, he'll be sure play the Devil,
 And all by the Virtue of *Mum*.

XV. Such

the Quarrel upon a meer Point of Honour, than upon sordid Interest, or dirty Money.

XIII.

This Stanza alludes to some Piece of secret History: Who this *Bob* is, I shall not say; People indeed apply it to our Great Man; but in that Case, the Kicking mentioned must not be understood of the vulgar Sort, which, as *Hudibras* says,

——— In that Part more

Hurts Honour than deep Wounds before.

But rather must have been a *veritable coup d'etat* of one of the honourable Specieses mentioned in this other Passage.

Th' old *Romans* Freedom did bestow,

Our Princes Worship, by a Blow:

King *Pyrrhus* cur'd his splenetick

And testy Courtiers with a Kick.

So that King's kicking their Ministers is, it seems, an old Court-Practice.

As for the Attitude our Poet places *Horace* in, it is so natural, I dare swear it is drawn from the Life: And I don't know but it may be even more pathetick than the ordinary Action of *Cicero* and the other antient Orators, who during their Pleadings used to gather up in one Hand the loose Folds of their Drapery.

XIV.

He goes on to give a further Description of this same *Bob's* Manners and Politicks: As I don't pretend to know the Original, so neither can I pretend to judge of the Resemblance; only it appears there is a great Deal of Nature in it.

XV.

Such a Statesman! The Jest and the Wonder
Of ourselves and all *Europe* become,
Still stumbling from Blunder to Blunder,
With no other Salvo but *Mum*.

XVI.

Yet Bribes, false Returns, and Corruption
Will put us all under his Thumb;
Unless we give quick Interruption,
We'll have nought to chuse on but *Mum*.

XVIII. " Here's

XV.

This whole Stanza must be quite inverted, before it can be applicable to our Great Man, who is so conscious to himself of extraordinary Abilities and a Genius far superior to the old Cardinal's or any other Statesman's in *Europe*, that he is more afraid of being accused for something beyond the common Reach of human Nature; which our Poet likewise seems to intimate by his Phrase of *playing the Devil* in the preceeding Verse: So the Great Noll was suspected of Commerce with infernal Spirits, and the *Englsh* burned the brave Maid of *Orleans* for a Witch. But let him be as much a Witch or a Wizard as he will, he has taken care to prevent that Doom, now that, by Act of Parliament, all such Proceedings are, for his Sake, effectually discharged. Nay, supposing him even to be such as his Enemies represent him, he must certainly have had more help than his own natural Parts, else he could never have stood his Ground so long; what that Help was, and what foreign Assistance he still continues to get, perhaps may be discovered in some of the following Lines.

XVI.

Under this Head may be comprehended all that relates to Elections, the swelling Civil List, unlimited Votes of Credit, unnecessary Borrowings from the Sinking Fund, &c. as well as the Bills against Bribery, Corruption, and Placemen, &c. which have now been so often proposed, refused, delayed, and depending so long, that I think it almost needless for me, as I wish it may not be for other People, to mention them over again: It is not at all polite to be eternally harping on the same String.

XVII.

Here's a Purse, Lads; let none be elected,
 " But such as you're sure will stand plum,
 Who can say *ay*, or *no*, as directed,
 " And silence his Conscience with *Mum*.

XVIII.

Sure none, but a Knave, or a Blockhead,
 Can be caught with such Bird-lime and Gum;
 To be bribed out of his own Pocket,
 And robbing himself to cry *Mum*.

XIX.

All Plays from the Stage are debarred,
 Till licensed by you know whom;
 So what will they give us henceforward,
 But a sweet Repetition of *Mum*?

XX. Our

XVII.

This Speech is truly laconick, pithy, patherick, and conclusive;
 and I dare say, if it were but pronounced in a proper Place and
 accompanied with the thorough Bass of a Purse of Guineas clink-
 ing, some of my Readers durst not swear against its Influence,
 for fear of Perjury: at least I am sure it was so seven Years a-
 go.

XVIII.

I am quite ashamed for our Poet here, and can find no other
 Excuse for such *Billingsgate* but his Ignorance and want of know-
 ing the World: If I should print the List of those whom he so
 liberally terms Knaves and Blockheads, I am sure he would blush
 to see so many Gentlemen among them.

XIX.

It has been always Matter of just Complaint, that the Stage
 was under no Sort of Order or Regulation: Now it is reduced
 to something of a decent Regularity, and a political Inquisition is
 erected over it; so that no Performances dare appear, but such
 as have stood the fiery Trial, and passed the Scrutiny of my Lord
 Chamberlain, who must certainly, by Virtue of his Office, be a
 Wit

Wit of the first Magnitude, and a Critick of undoubted Candour and Sufficiency: Yet still they will complain. I was once indeed a little mortified myself by the Negative given to a very good Tragedy, which had employed me a whole Twelvemonth in the Composure, and twice as long to correct it: But, upon Reflection, I am forced to acquiesce in the Justice of the Sentence; for it contained, amongst others, the following Lines:

While thus *Sejanus* and his Band of Pensioners
Can shut the Regal Ear from dangerous Truth,
Filling it only with his own Accounts
Of Men and Things, transform'd in vile Disguise,
To represent his Sycophants and Slaves
Mask'd with false Shew of Probity and Parts,
Fit for the highest Offices of State,
To form the Court, and fill the empty Place
Of modest Merit, and th' old *Roman* Soul,
The Love of Freedom, Virtue, Arms, and Arts,
All banish'd thence.—While our corrupted Senate
Thus gives our lavish Minister the Power
To bribe *Tiberius* with a constant Series
Of varied Pleasures, and to cramb his Coffers
With a whole Nation's Spoils; or, sent to *Caesarea*,
To Bind him there, far from the Sight and Call
Of publick Cares, intoxicate and blind
With Female Charms, wantoning in the Lap
Of Luxury, lull'd o'er with a false Harlot's Voice,
Who echoes out the Words which she is taught,
And props the worthy Pimp that introduc'd her,
That shares the Royal Booty, and that wallows
In all the Pomp of Kings; tho' brave *Germanicus*,
The gallant, good *Germanicus*, Brow-beat
Is left to starve in Prospect of an Empire.—
While half the Nation follow such Examples:—
O, *Rome*! how art thou fallen!—Rouse, and assert
Thyself: Maintain thy Liberties and Rights:—
Make a bold Stroke,—as wont; or—fall for ever.

Now, in the Name of Goodness, what have the People of *Old England* to do with *Old Rome*? or indeed, what have they to do with any Thing that looks towards Politicks at all? Such free-born Sentiments may become dangerous; too refined Notions of Liberty and Property may do Mischief, and, I tremble to think on't, even shake the present wise Administration. Had we not much better sit thankfully down under the kind Indulgence of the Government, and rest satisfied with the Enjoyment of what

Our Presbyters (how can they help it?)

Or Stipend, the Devil a Crumb,

When somebody bids, from the Pulpit

Must read to the People a *Mum*.

XXI. Do

freely allows us? Have we not still *Italian* Operas; lascivious scenes, double Entendres, smutty Jests, High Dances, the Black Joke, and Harlequin? There can be no harm in these; they are innocent Recreations, fit to divert and unbend the Mind, without giving the least Umbrage to our Great Man.

XX.

The *Porteous-Act* is too recent to be forgot yet in this Country; and every Article was so weighty, that we may well remember it a great While to come. I am told we are, in a great Measure, obliged for it to his Lordship of *Islay* and our present worthy Member; and that they designed to have done still more for us, had not ARGYLE very officiously interposed, and baulked their good Intentions: They would have eased us entirely of the Burden of a City-Guard, who, you know, by their firing, were the beginners of all our Troubles; they would likewise have given more Liberty to live at large, by taking off our City-Gates: yet so ungrateful were we, that we not only forgot to thank them publicly for their kind Purposes, but even had the Impudence to find Fault with the fancied Hardships imposed upon the Kirk; so, in Reality, it was only a Sort of Test, by which they wanted to shew the Nation what Stuff our Clergy were made of, the different Latitude of their Consciences, how much they could swallow, what Lengths they would go, and what Notions they had of Civil Liberty, so as to make the Preservation of that, whereon every Thing else depends, a Point of Duty or not. By this Means we now reap the Advantage of distinguishing the Good from the bad, the Wise from the Simple, the Selfish from the Disinterested, the Courageous from the Coward, the generous Patriot from the idle Courtier, and the honest Man from the Knave: A necessary knowledge this, without which we could never have directed our esteem or Contempt aright; nor made the proper Estimate between such as fill up the sacred Character in all its Parts, whom we may ever depend on, and such as have already failed in their duty at least to us, and so are not to be trusted as Teachers for the future. That what I have related was the real Project in View of our Service, and that it contained no more, is apparent from

Do ye talk of the Scotch Disaffections?

What Rhime is so ready to come?

To their Union, Kirk, Freedom, Elections,

What so pat to the Purpose as *Mum*?

XXII.

It is said, Things in Time will be better:

But the Question's *Quomodo & quum*:

Let Dissenters cleave close to the Letter;

Court-Promises only mean *Mum*.

XXIII. Then

our Clergy's not being since ordered to read the Book of Common Prayer; which Command, I am persuaded, almost as many would, upon proper Motives, have gone into, as cheerfully obeyed the other. Yet a certain Gentleman in Parliament threw out some strong Invectives against them as enthusiastick, superstitious, and bigotted to the last Degree: But they may thank themselves for it; they were the first Aggressors in obliging him, as a Lay-Member of their own Body, to do publick Penitence for a Peccadillo which it would be too ill-natured to name; tho' I would ever rather fight with him, than drink with him: But, as I understand, he is now drawing out a full Defence of all his past Conduct, which I must own a Task fit for none but such a masterly Genius. I leave himself to give an Eclaircissement of that Matter.

XXI.

This is a very general Recital of several important Subjects upon which Discourse may sometimes run; for Men will be talking: Our Poet huddles them together; and answers all in *Mum*, perhaps *metri gratia*; however I think he's in the Right: I copy his Pattern, and so leave them to be discussed at Leisure by the Politicians in Twopenny Clubs and Coffee-houses.

XXII.

Our Poet here pleases me mightily with his Politesse in stating the Terms of his Query: For, tho' generally speaking, it may be a Breach of Manners to introduce any of the learned Languages; yet, when the Question is in Danger of putting People out of Countenance, or puzzling them for a Return, I hold it greater Delicacy to transgress the common Rule. We are amused with a Prospect of better Times; now, in plain *English*, what our Poet modestly demands is, when they will arrive, and by

that Means: But the Answer is still in the Womb of Fate. The
 not thickens upon us, and the unravelling of it is perhaps not far
 off; yet, whether the Farce will end with a Comical or Tragical
 Catastrophe, is uncertain: An Year or two more will open a new
 scene, and explain the Piece; which, if I may venture to pro-
 phesy, will conclude in the long expected Exaltation of our Great
 Man: That his Friends join in the Wish, is not so extraordinary;
 but even his very Enemies agree in doing him that Justice, and
 frankly own that he richly deserves to have his Head raised up on
 high above his Fellows. Amongst the rest, the Dissenters acknow-
 ledge themselves infinitely obliged to him for the continuance of the
Act; by which, tho' they are certainly the Constitution's truest
 friends; they find themselves wonderfully eased from all the per-
 vexing Burdens of publick Places and Commissions. Some of them
 indeed, wanting to reconcile Godliness with great Gain, exacted a
 promise from him to remove this Bar to their Ambition; as if they
 could not otherwise get over it; a sure Sign of a bad Conscience;
 since That, like the Stomach, may be said to be bad, when it is
 squeamish as not to receive the ordinary Food of other People:
 however, he dealt with them in a Courteous Way; and, as our
 Poet observes, it was only a Court-Promise they got, and which
 they have had Occasion to get repeated to them frequently since:
 For, as *Hudibras* learnedly argues,

The Great may claim a Dispensation
 To swear and forswear on Occasion:
 Oaths are but Words, and Words but Wind;
 Too feeble Implements to bind:
 Tho' he sells his Blasts of Wind as dear
 As *Lapland* Witches bottled Air.
 This tells us plainly what he thought,
 That Oath and Promise go for Nought;
 And they by him were only meant
 To serve as an Expedient.

And an excellent Expedient it is: for when an Oath or a Promise
 cannot be postponed any longer, there are a thousand ready Ex-
 cuses, such as Circumstances, Accidents, Time and Place, which
 will be found valid for retarding the Execution: And if, after all,
 it be still insisted on, perhaps it may be so late first, that it shall
 be quite forgot. A bad Remembrance, tho' commonly reckoned
 a Defect, yet in many Cases is of Service: And in Reality our
 Great Man has an admirable bad Memory, when he pleases, as
 many a one can witness, in contradiction to a current Proverb,
 which says he ought to have a good one. If every Shift should
 fail, the rare Science of Allegory can explain all away; and when
 the

XXIII.

There is a Great Man wears a Garter,
 Who has robb'd us of many a Plumb;
 So deserves to be sent without Quarter
 To the—"Hush, foolish Bard, and cry *Mum*.

XXIV. "Rail

the Dissenters on that Occasion *cleave close to the Letter*, in our Poet's Words, as I suppose they will; he may tell, that it has not been always their most acceptable Method of Interpretation.

XXIII.

We have here, I suppose, a Description of this same *Bob*, so often mentioned, whoever he be, but whom I must not pretend to decypher. In the first Place, he's a Great Man; very good; and I'm glad to see our Poet do so much Justice to his Merit, if by him he means our Great Man: Tho' indeed the Word *Man* is so general as to be applicable indefinitely to all the Vulgar great and small, Rogues, Pick-pockets, Blunderers, and Highway-men; so that perhaps a *Great Man* may signify only a great Robber, or a great Rascal. But then it follows, that he wears a Garter; And what if he wore two? That is no distinguishing Mark sure; Yet I would fain know why our Poet mentions only one Garter, as if one were sufficient to do his Business? How would he have him use it? about his Leg, or his Neck? or tye both Neck and Heel together with it? Evil to him that Evil thinks: I don't understand it. Or, perhaps he is some overgrown *Norfolk* Scoundrel, some fat pilfering Attorney, who with but half a Pair of Stockings, and never a Shoe, goes about plundering us of the Fruits of our Labour, as the second Line intimates: unless we would rather understand the Word *Plumb* in the City-Sense for an hundred thousand Pounds; which multiplied, from a little Villain, would make him a Great Man indeed: That would intitle him to a princely Equipage; to build magnificent Palaces and Villas; to fill them, tho' without Taste himself, with the finest Pictures and most curious Works of Art or Nature; to force the richest Garden out of a barren Soil; to make the flinty Rock pour forth Water; and, in a Word, to support at once the Extravagance of a Wife, and the insatiable Avarice of a Whore; tho', if he were frugal enough, as soon as the Spouse seasonably slept off, he might make a Shift to recover his squander'd Treasure, by marrying the Strumpet. I am glad there is none of this applicable to our Great Man: Instead of robbing us, he fills our Pockets every Day, presses his Presents

XXIV.

Rail as much as you will at a Patriot,

" But it is *Scandalum Magnatum*

To aim half the Truth of your Satyre at

" Them who govern the World in *Mum*.

XXV.

sure *Argyle's* Wit less than his Grace is,

He's an honest, plain, West-Country Chum,

Or he'd ne'er ha' thrown up all his Places

For want of, like me, crying *Mum*.

XXVI. A

presents upon us, and willingly supplies, not only the Necessities, but all the Extravagancies of Life: I appeal to every Member that voted for the Convention, &c. let them declare, upon their Word of Honour, if it be not all actually true to their own proper Feeling and Experience. However, as it is not good meddling with Edge-Tools, our Poet wisely catches himself for fear of saying too much unawares, and abruptly breaks off in the middle of the Sentence.

XXIV.

Our Poet being sometimes a little too rash, and apt to let his Wit outrun his Judgment, some cautious Friend interposes, and, to save him from the Danger of a Premunire, offers his most reasonable, solid, and judicious Advice; which I would seriously commend to all future Dabblers in Politicks, whether in Prose or Verse, as they value their Ears, or stand in Awe of the Black Rod.

XXV.

The Admonition is no sooner given than obeyed; our Poet immediately changes his Note, and chimes in with the Hue and Cry of the Court to run down his Grace of *Argyle*: He boldly arraigns him for want of Wit, in giving his Judgment unasked, more plain than welcome; and tells him he is a downright Simpleton, for sacrificing so many Places, which he might have preserved, as our Song says, only by keeping his Mind to himself; a Clown, in disabling the Prime Minister for the Interest of that many-headed Monster, the People, and that he might, both in Favour and out of Favour, be approv'd a Patriot; one ignorant of this World and

XXVI.

A few Hints I've here been premising,
 The rest to myself I shall hum;
 For if Wit were worth the excising,
 'Twere Wit to say nothing but *Mum*.

XXVII. Ye

and the Artifices of it, who has a superstitious Regard for sacred Things, Truth, Honour, Liberty, his Country, and I don't know what; in short all this Abuse is crowned with the contemptible Appellation of *Honest Man*, a Title given to the lowest of the Rabble that adore him, and which always signifies, a strange sort of Creature, not fit to live in a Court, as Courts go now-a-days. Since I may do it with Impunity, I shall help to finish the Character, by adding a few Touches myself. — He has no Parts, but such as are quite useless, and even impertinent in the present Situation of Affairs. Endowed tho' he be with a double Capacity and thoroughly skilled in the Arts of both Peace and War; yet as we enjoy neither Peace nor War, his Capacity is superfluous and we have no use for his Skill: His Eloquence, as great as it may be, has hurt himself; how should we expect it should profit us? His Conduct, with all its Sufficiency and Beauty, has ruined his own Affairs; how should it ever establish, or retrieve ours. His Courage, that made such a Figure in *Flanders* and *Spain*, may now be doubted; since at *Sherriffmuir* he could prefer the Lives of his Country-men to his own Glory, and seemed afraid, as it were, to draw Blood, when he had it in his Power nobly to have slain his Thousands: His Fancy, copious as it is, could never have invented half the rare Schemes now in Agitation: His Judgment, however solid and extensive, could never have laid down the mighty Plans we are now engaged in: And I'm even afraid, that his Genius, tho' universal, will never be able to comprehend them. Yet I must make an Exception to my first Position. There is one Quality of the Duke's, which the Court may have use for; viz His rational, constant, and unbiassed Attachment to our Free Constitution and present Government; which, as it is founded upon Principles, cannot be shaken by Circumstances.

XXVI.

I am very sensible how imperfect my Annotations upon our Poet's Hints are; but his Text is too precious to be buried, like other Classics, in Notes and Commentary; and I must leave Room

Let fain I'd sing something of *Isay*;

But lacking more Crambo's in *Um*,
pass it, for fear I should spoil a' :

So laughing, good-night, and say *Mum*.

For future Authors and Criticks to display it further, and to improve on me. I hope our Poet's seeming Apprehension here of *General Excise* is groundless; and only a Fiction of his own Brain: This pernicious Scheme, which our Great Man shewed the Nation, for their Instruction, in its blackest Colours, was at that time so totally defeated, according to his Expectations, that we are in no Hazard of its being ever again revived: But tho' it should, Wit is so rare a Commodity, and yields so little, that as it is beyond our Great Man's Knowledge, at least beyond the Knowledge of any of the *Underlings* he employs, so it is below his Notice.

XXVII.

I am sorry our Poet, either thro' a mistaken Modesty, or for want of Rhimes, has been unluckily forced to neglect making his Compliments to a certain Lord whose Name I need not repeat: That one Omission may be the entire spoiling of his Fortune: he indeed expresses an Inclination; but at Court that was never yet taken for current Payment. What a glorious Panegyrick have we hereby lost? I suppose he would have painted him, so full of Loyalty, as to be proud, not only of serving the King, but of truckling to the Minister: so disinterested a Friend to the Publick, as to sacrifice unto it his Ease, his Fame, his Honour, his Peace of Conscience, and all that is, or should be, dear to Man: so fond of Liberty, that he has done all he can to get ours into his Power, as if he were afraid to trust the Jewel even in our own Keeping: So much a Patriot, as frankly to take upon himself the weighty Management of our Counties and Burroughs, and of all their most important and publick Affairs: So condescending, as to stoop below himself, to undergo the vilest Drudgery, and do the dirtiest Jobs, in order to compass those noble Ends: So generous, as to be even considerably out of Pocket in procuring such staunch Members to represent them, trusty Friends, that he is sure will stand by him in every Thing: and so zealous in their Service, as to persist in pressing himself and his good Offices upon them, even when they, from their great Regard, are willing to ease him of that heavy Burden.—In all Things

Things such a Lover of Glory, as, for the Sake of promoting the present glorious Measures, to forget the antient Blood which his Ancestors have often shed upon a Scaffold in the Cause of Liberty; to cancel all the Ties of Relation, Amity, or Duty, when they interfere with Matters of State; and like another *Brutus* or *Timoleon*, to give up his very Brother for the Common Weal. To complicate the Compliment in a Word, take the direct Reverence of his Brother's Character, (alas! that I must call them Brothers!) and you have his.

So, with our Poet, I humbly take my Leave of the gentle Readers, and from the Bottom of my Heart bid them all heartily farewell.

F I N I S.

